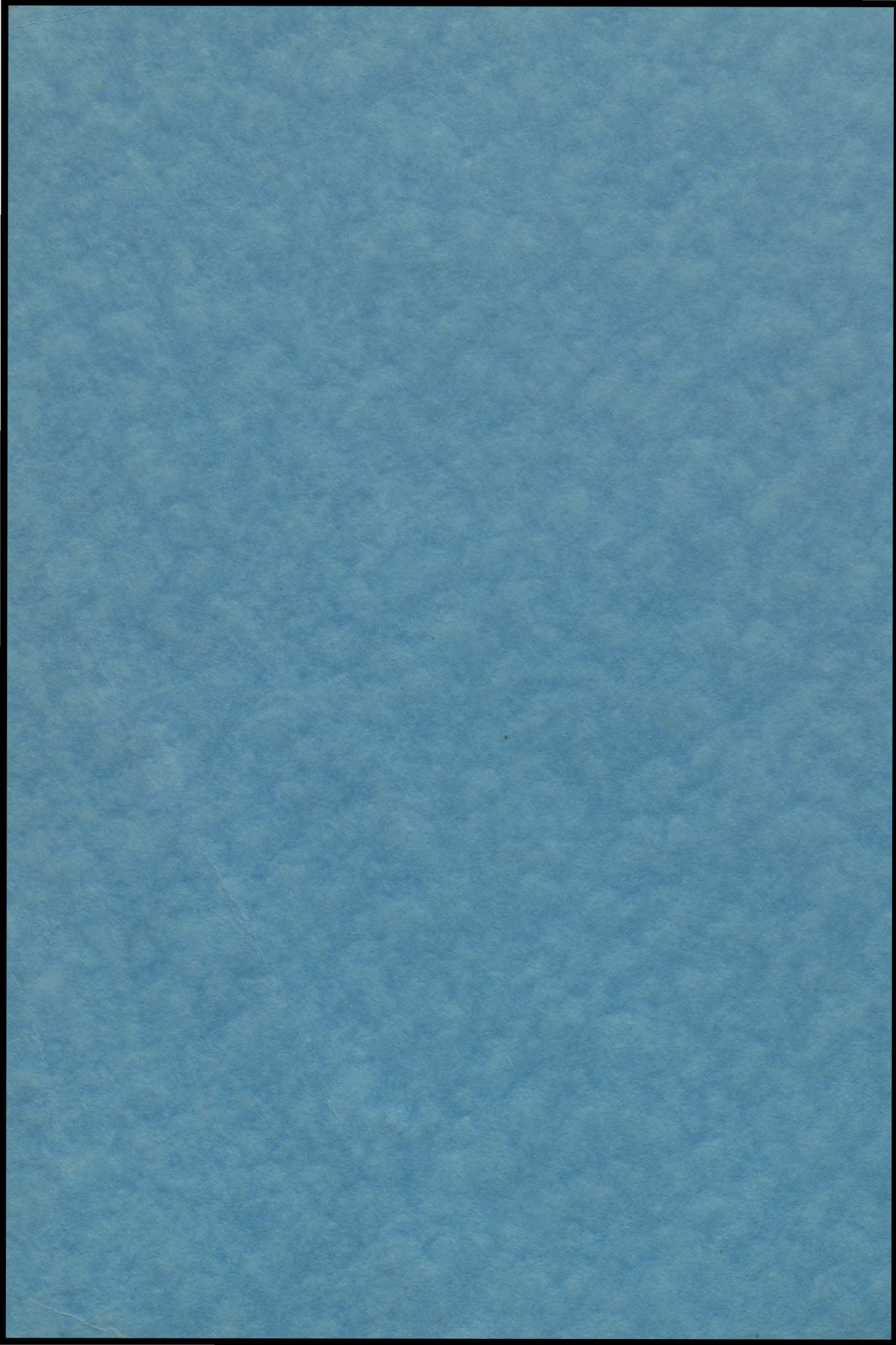
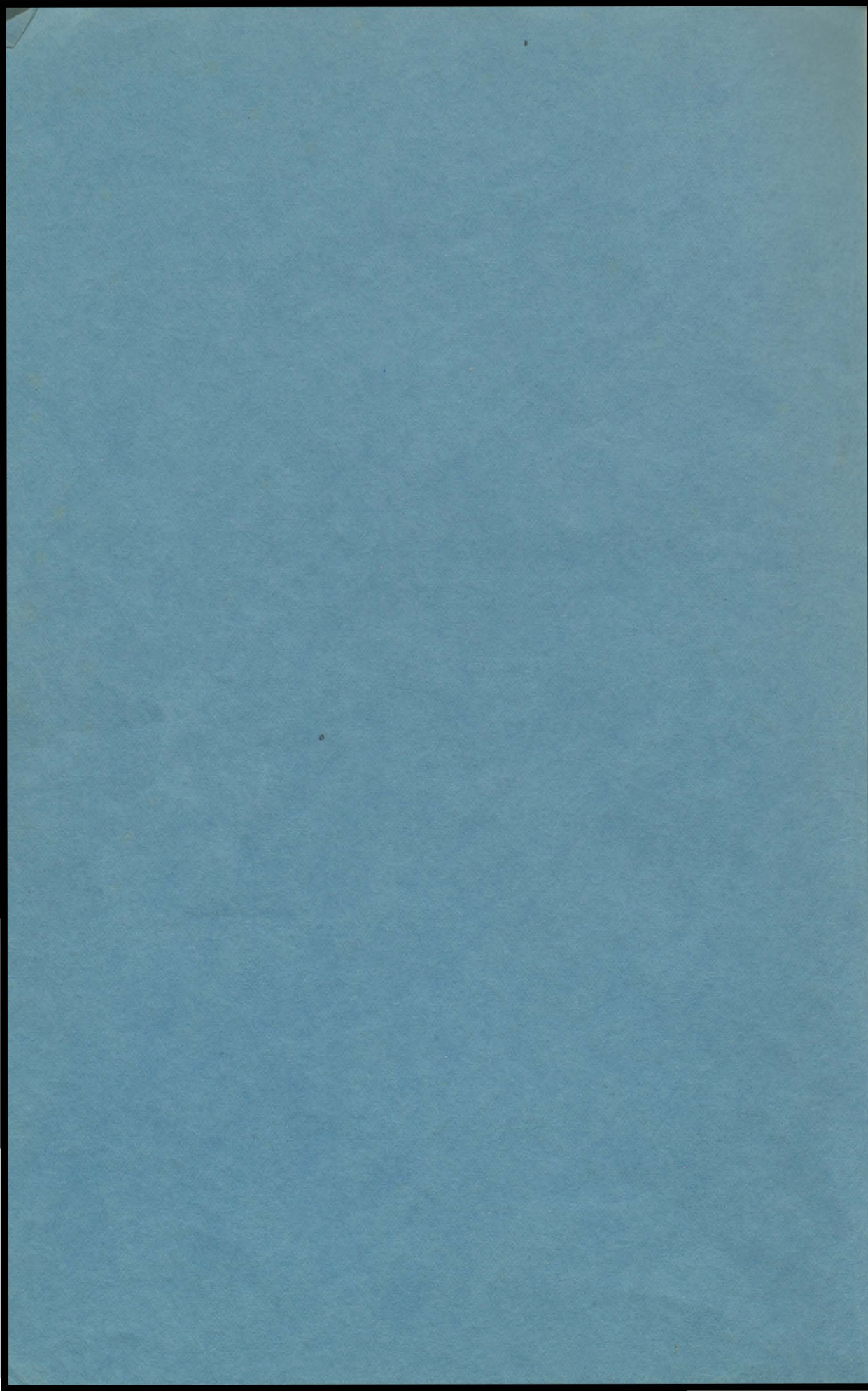
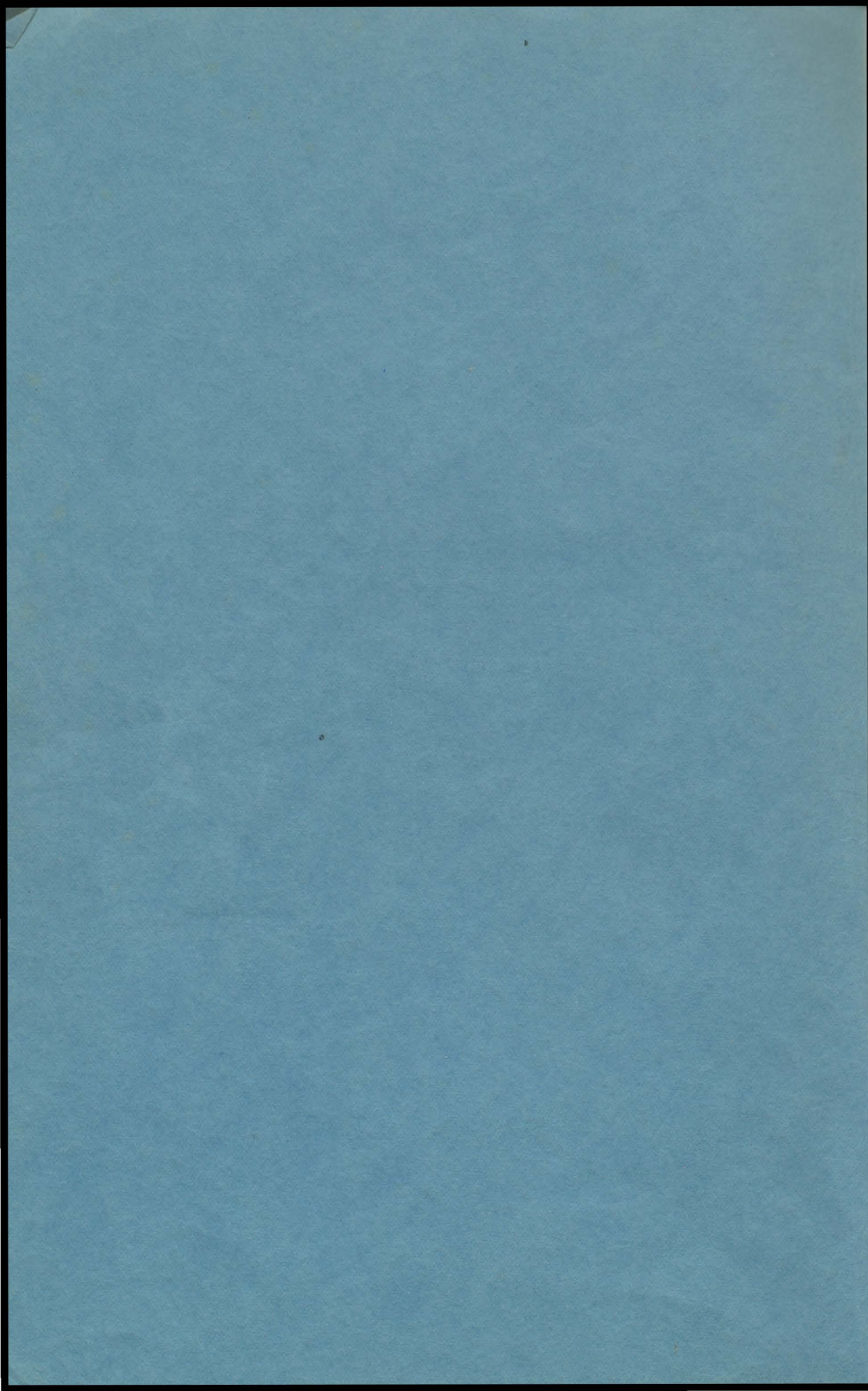


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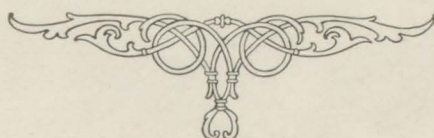




St. Clair

High School Annual

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THE STAFF

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ATHLETIC	- - - - -	EDWARD KELLY, WALTER BRINKER
ALUMNI	- - - - -	FRANCELIA LINDEMAN, JOHN PINGER
JOKES	- - - - -	RALPH COX



TO MR. PHILIP M. KEEN

We the class of 1917, respectfully dedicate this book, to show in a small measure, our deep appreciation of his untiring efforts to guide and direct us as well as to teach us



Miss Moiles

FACULTY



Miss Finkbeiner



Mrs. Exelby-Muller
Principal



Miss Pennells



Miss Dew

FOREWORD

TODAY, we of the staff present to the students and friends of the Saint Clair High School, this, the 1917 number of the Saint Clair High School Annual. ¶ We hope it will fulfill all expectations. If it does not, remember that we have done our best to make it a success, and more, no one can do.

To the Seniors

You are leaving us now to go out in the world,
To enter the race of life ;
You may sometimes meet hardships before your success,
But there's good in each conquered strife.

Don't be discouraged whatever comes up,
Tho' we know you've got plenty of pluck
But no matter what happens, remember this,
We at home are wishing you luck.

—A JUNIOR.



HAROLD BALDWIN—

"Look; he is winding up the watch of
his wit; by and by it will strike."
Football.

DELTA ANDERSON—

Blessed are the meek, for they shall
inherit the earth."

Basket Ball. Secretary of Class. Stu-
dent Council. Glee Club.

RALPH BELKNAP—

"Men of few words are the best men."
Football. President of Class.

WALTER BRINKER—

Let me be what I am, and seek not
to alter me."

Football. Assistant Athletic Editor.



MAE ENGELGAU—

"Come, come! what needs you blush!"
Student Council. Glee Club.



RALPH COX—

"He would talk, Lord, how he would
talk!"

Football. Joke Editor.





EDWARD KELLY—

"I am not in the roll of common men."
Orchestra, Football, Athletic Editor.



SYLVIA JACKSON—

"A brain she has that never errs."
Glee Club. Treasurer of Class. Student Council. Valedictorian.



MacNAUGHTON LIGHTBODY—

"I have a way of wooing all my own,
and waste scant speech in creamy compliment."
Orchestra. Football. Advertising Manager.

FRANCELIA LINDEMAN—

"Methinks nobody should be sad but I."

Basket Ball. Alumni Editor.



JOHN PINGER—

"I have more understanding than all my teachers."

Assistant Alumni Editor.



EUNICE PEARCE—

"Man delights me not."

Assistant Editor.





JUSTIN MUHLITNER—

"Has such a mien, as to be loved, needs
only to be seen."

Orchestra. Football.



MYRTLE JONES—

"She loves to study lessons
Her sums are always right."

Society Editor.



CHARLES MUNROE—

"Logic is logic, that's all I'll say."

President Student Council.

ALBERT SCHROEDER—

"I would the gods had made me handsome as well as intellectual."

Football. Student Council. Salutatorian. Business Manager.



MATE WONSEY—

"Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman."

Glee Club. Basket Ball. Vice-President of Class. Art Editor. Editor-in-chief.



CLARENCE SMITH—

"A son of the gods, divinely fair."

Orchestra. Football. President Literary Society.



Prophecy

If I were Delta without guile,
I'd be a missionary to "No Man's Isle."

If I were McNaughton and such a business crank,
I'd settle down in Marysville and start a savings bank.

If I were Justin and danced so well,
I'd go to New York and Vernon Castle excel.

If I were Walter Brinker with his dramatic art,
I'd go on the stage and play the Hamlet part.

If I were Ralph Belknap and skilled in giving pills,
I'd get a little Ford and cure the people's ills.

If I were Eunice Pearce, so very meek and mild,
I'd head the Foundlings' home and raise the orphan child.

If I were Mate, when I grew up tall,
I'd be a varsity coach and coach basket ball.

If I were Albert, public spirited and gallant,
I'd marry Francelia and thus patronize home talent.

If I were Mae, with her classic features,
I'd pose for artists and vie with all creatures.

If I were Edward with his voice mellow and strong,
I'd sing sweet carols all the day long.

If I were Sylvia Jackson and had all my time to let,
I'd go to London, England, and be a suffragette.

If I were Harold Baldwin and liked machinery so,
I'd invent a little boat to take submarines in tow.

If I were Ralph Cox, so saintly and devout,
I'd study for the ministry and crowd Billy Sunday out.

If I were Charles Munroe and could write short stories,
I'd start a magazine and stop my worries.

If I were Johnny Pinger and such an ambitious lad,
I'd enter into politics and follow Bryan's fad.

If I were Clarence Smith, so hearty and so hale,
I'd command a big ship and the Pacific I'd sail.

If I were Myrtle Jones, so clever and so smart,
I'd go to M. A. C. and take Domestic Art.

—H. von J., '18.

S. C. H. S. Library

- "The Promised Land"—A New High School.
- "Vanity Fair"—Gladys Kelley.
- "God's Good Man"—Harvey Klemmer.
- "Freckles"—Louis Smith.
- "Der Schwiegersohn"—Edward Kelley.
- "Revelations of a Wife"—Mrs. Müller.
- "Our Mutual Friend"—Miss Dew.
- "Freedom Triumphant"—Graduation.
- "Friends and Helpers"—The Faculty.
- "Art for Art's Sake"—Mae Engelgau.
- "Little Men"—Walter Brines, Fred Fischer, Charles Gliem.
- "Old Curiosity Shop"—The Laboratory.
- "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"—Mr. Keen.
- "Wonder Book"—First Principles of Physics.
- "Little Mr. Thimblefinger"—Charlie Hendrick.
- "A Daughter of Two Nations"—Mate Wonsey.
- "Great Expectations"—Clarence Smith.
- "An Imperial Lover"—Harry Anderson.
- "Seats of the Mighty"—Senior Row.
- "Division and Reunion"—Justin, Vera.
- "Essays on Idleness"—Howard Roberts.
- "Mistress Spitfire"—Delta Anderson.
- "Idle Thoughts of An Idle Fellow"—Harold Baldwin.
- "Innocents Abroad"—John Pinger.
- "Andersen's Fairy Tales"—Miss Pennels.
- "Water Babies"—Clarence, Justin.
- "The Lady of the Decoration"—Salina Blaine.
- "Story of a Bad Boy"—Blair Chamberlain.

—FRANCES THOMPSON.

CLASS ROSTER

NAME	PSEUDONYM	BY WORD	OCCUPATION	WHERE FOUND	FAVORITE SONG
Delta Anderson	Del	O Land!	Giggling	Schippie's	What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?
Harold Baldwin	Baldy	For Gosh Sake	Translating Dutch	In a hurry	Awake!
Ralph Belknap	Bub	Christopher!	Making Speeches	Deep in a History	Home, Sweet Home
Walter Brinker	Brink	Nothin' Doin'	Dreaming	In His Seat	Forth to the Meadows
Ralph Cox	Coxie	You're Full of Prunes	Passing Time Away	Wherever Needed	Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose
Mae Engelgau	Miss Fixit	Holy Cow!	Soothing Helen's Fears	Auto Riding	Good Night, Good Night, Beloved
Sylvia Jackson	Sib	For Pete's Sake	Whispering	On the Trolley	She's the Sunshine of St. Clair
Myrtle Jones	Moitle	For Heaven's Sake	Asking Fool Questions	Home Usually	An Old-Fashioned Wife
Edward Kelly	Kelly	I'll Bet You Money	Drawing Plans	Post Office	Pray for the Lights to Go Out
McNaughton Lightbody	Mickie	I'll Say So!	Pestering Albert	Any Seat but His Own	Oh Boy!
Francelia Lindeman	Cel	Good Night!	Playing Basket Ball	With Ada	Auf Wiedersehen
Justin Muhliner	Jut	Oh Girls!	Dancing	Down at Belle's	You Stole My Love
Charles Munro	Charlie	Say!	Arguing	On Her Way Home	The Maple Leaf Forever
Eunice Pearce	Has none	Oh Gosh!	Studying	Raising a Disturbance	There's Egypt in Your Eyes
John Pinger	Johnnie	That's Easy	Reeling Brilliantly	Down Town	The Wanderer
Albert Schroeder	Schroeder	! ? X- ? X- !	Raising Window	In Marine	It Happens Every Night
Clarence Smith	Smitty	You're Full of Nuts	Conducting Lit. Meeting	At Shaw's	Have a Heart
Mate Womsey	Matrix	Good Peter!	Coming in Late	'Most Anywhere	Seated One Day at the Organa

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of St. Clair High School of the city and county of St. Clair, and state of Michigan, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, to-wit:

First—We hereby nominate and appoint Miss Dew to be the sole executrix of this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

Second—We give, devise and bequeath to the Class of 1918 our personal property consisting of baseballs, popguns and such of Harold's playthings as have been confiscated by the teachers, in addition we leave to them Delta's giggle, Justin's infinite ability to waste time, Albert's swear words and John's brilliant recitations; and we do hereby charge Miss Dew to apportion this property, at the beginning of the next school year among the members of the Senior Class. Also it is our will that the ensuing articles be apportioned as hereby stated below:—

1. To Thelma Laffrey we bequeath all gum which she may find under our desks..

2. To Israel Goldstein, because of his small stature, we bequeath the seat now occupied by Sylvia Jackson that the Faculty may never be annoyed by anyone gazing out of the window.

3. To our good friends, the Sophomores, we give our best wishes.

4. To the Class of 1920 we bequeath the "Senior Minutes" that they may learn to conduct their class meetings in an orderly manner.

5. To Mrs. Müller we leave a small volume entitled: "How to Avoid Shipwreck on the Sea of Matrimony" and we do hereby charge her to loan the said volume to Miss Pennels and Miss Moiles that they may also profit by it.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereunto set our seal and hands this 15th day of May, A. D. nineteen hundred and seventeen (1917).

SENIOR CLASS.

Signed, sealed, published and declared as and for its last will and testament by the said Senior Class, in our presence, who have at its request, and in its presence, and in the presence of each other, signed our names attesting witnesses thereto.

P. M. KEEN,

WALTER BRINES.



THE JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Roll

Busha, Lucille—"Tis better to laugh than be sighing.

Brines, Ada—Oh! Beatrice Fairfax, what shall I do?

Baumann, Esther—I'm A Lonesome Melody.

Clark, Alfred—School Days.

Cox, Louis—If you only had my disposition.

Fischer, Frederick—America, I love you.

Feske, Frank—This bold bad man.

Goldstein, Israel—I may be small but I've got big ideas.

Gannon, Loren—To live at ease and not be bound to think.

Hopkins, Rosamonde—The girl he left behind.

Kenyon, Alma—She gives her tongue no moment's rest.

Kennedy, Alfred—Down on the Farm.

Klemmer, Harvey—You don't know how much you have to know in order to know how little you know.

Laffrey, Thelma—Much ado about nothing.

McCartney, Blanch—I'm daddy's little girl.

Muhlitner, Marion—I love you truly.

Rankin, Harold—What do you want to make those eyes at me for?

Smith, Grant—And the little old Ford, she rambled right along.

Von Jasmund, Helen—If she will, she will you may depend on't, if she won't she won't, and there's the end on't.

—L. GANNON.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Roll

Leigh Balfour—Softly swaying to and fro.

Arah Beyschlag—I feel half ashamed at times to be so tall.

Oswald Bush—What's the good of being good.

Lola Busha—"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Georgenia Butlin—Just a little smile from you would turn the shadows into sunshine.

Blair Chamberlain—"Behold the child by nature's kindly law, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Sherwood Conlin—"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Eugenia Ebert—The hand that made you fair hath made you good.

Charles Hendricks—Blessings on thee, little man.

Gladys Kelly—"Call me pet names."

Elizabeth Liebermann—"O for a thousand tongues."

Alma Mackley—My crown is called "content," a crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

Fern McCartney—"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

Wm. Ottaway—On the girls he makes a mash altho' he's often rash.

Louise Pollex—"And she will discourse most popular music."

Herbert Priehs—"Grin and bear it."

Florence Rankin—How strangely you dazzle my eyes.

Earl Schafer—One may smile and smile and be a villain.

Vera Shaw—My days pass pleasantly away.

Marie Wheaton—"O marvelously modest maiden you."



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

June Allen
Harry Anderson
Annetta Boden
Salina Blaine
Walter Brines
Estella Busha
Ella Campbell
Malcolm Carlton
Florence Cook
Aloysius Currier
Oswald Fischer
Charles Gliem
Theresa Heineman
Lee Jenks
Mae Johns
Marion Johns
Ross Jones
Rhoda Kennedy
Blanche Klemmer
Agnes Klingler
Theodore Koenig

Eleanor Mead
Barbara Mitchell
Thelma Mitchell
Frank Munt
Guy Munt
Marjorie Murphy
Doris Pellerin
Harold Pollex
Sherwood Recor
Eloise Rinn
Howard Roberts
Lena Ruff
Francis Schaefer
Elsie Simmons
Mae Simmons
Louis Smith
Margaret Schweihofer
Dorothy Wolvin
Eyla Wuest
Mary Jerome



THE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT AND THE WAR

How can the student in High School do "his bit?" There are innumerable things that require the assistance of the younger element. Take, for example, the food question. Every student who plants and cultivates a garden does his part in conserving the food supply for those unfortunates, who have no ground available, and for the starving millions, which our country, as a rich and powerful ally, is under obligation to feed. If every student in every High School in the United States were to do this, there would be no doubt as to the effect on the food situation.

The boys of High School age are usually too young to enlist in the regular army, but there is still an opening left for them to serve their country. Let them enlist as privates in the Farmers' Regiment. They are most needed at a time when they are free from school,—during the summer vacation. Not only would farm labor be benefited, but the boys, themselves. Then, young men, go back to the farm.

The Red Cross is ever ready to take in the young woman who is willing to serve in the ranks with her brother. Those, who are not fitted for actual nursing, can help by an intelligent application of energy in other branches, such as preparing bandages, collecting funds, etc.

The boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow. When a nation has been plunged into confusion and disorder by the mandates of war, the leaders, who are to bring order out of chaos, must be men of best moral fibre., mightiest judgment, and keenest intelligence; women of tenderest sympathy, deepest understanding and heroic endurance. Therefore, let us, the students of St. Clair High School put aside petty trifles and improve our time by preparing ourselves to take up this greater life.

—M. W. W.

ABILITY, INDUSTRY AND MASTERY

Every young man and woman should have an aim in life. Just what that aim shall be will depend upon each one's ambition. Success comes not as a result of wishing. More likely it will be the reward of intelligent application, backed up by energy, courage and conviction.

Young man! young woman! learn to do some one thing better than other

people do it. To accomplish this, you must possess ability, industry and mastery. Each one has a certain amount of ability. We should strive to use and develop it to the utmost, not for our personal benefit alone, but for the good that we may do others as well.

If industry be added to ability, we create within ourselves an irresistible force which, if governed by the firm hand of mastery, will lead us speedily toward our goal, which spells success.

In the Battle of Life the spoils go to those who weld their ability, industry and mastery into siege guns of large calibre and a hundred per cent. accuracy and efficiency. To such the armies of Doubt and Discouragement offer but weak resistance. Failures forbidding fortress capitulates and the City of Success opens its gates.

Aim high, be industrious, master yourself and you will succeed.

—A. J. S.

ARE WE GETTING THERE?

Sometimes, when we work away at the same "old task" it seems as if we aren't getting anywhere. Some courses seem to be more for discipline and self-control than for practical knowledge. They are more for training the mind than for the real learning that is obtained from them. But we believe that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and if we do worth while things we must get somewhere. If there was nothing worth while in them, we would not have them to do. Then we should do them for all we're worth. And that reminds us of the saying: "Never do things by halves—even when you kick put your whole sole into it."

—E. M. P.





Through Love for Thee

Remote from the rest of the world, nestled closely among the tall southern pines, which seemed to hum in a monotone the very dreariness of the place, stood the old Shirley mansion. A spacious veranda supported by gigantic white pillars, graced its front. Broad steps formed the ascent to this veranda, and their unmarred whiteness was an evidence of the quiet life there. A path now weed-choked, and portraying no sign of travel whatever, lost itself in an attempt to reach the front gate.

Now as the breeze stirred the pines they began to moan and sway; with the same moaning noise and as if swept up the lane by the same breeze there appeared a huge, dark-colored touring car. As it reached the front gate it stopped abruptly and a young man alighted and drew the curtain behind him. For a moment he stood admiring the quiet scene before him, then proceeded toward the gate. It creaked on its rusty hinges as he opened it and faintly echoed after him as he sped up the weedy path toward the mansion. But he had scarcely reached the steps when the big door slowly opened, and a negro servant appeared.

"A—er, yes sah," he stammered as he gazed open mouthed at the young man, "what's ya name, please, what ya want hea?"

"My name sir, is William Fox; if you lived in the city you would be enjoying my films at a theatre, Fox films; and what I want here is—by the way, how is the old general?"

The darky had worn a puzzled look when Fox mentioned "films," but at the inquiry concerning the general his countenance lightened and he answered shortly.

"Much de same, sah."

"Where is he?" questioned Fox.

"Whea he's been fa five yeas,—ya can't see 'im!"

"All right ———"

"Jackson," supplied the negro.

"You'll do fully as well," Fox meditated, and spoke in a lower tone to the surprised negro.

"How would you like to make a deal?" he questioned enthusiastically, "I have come out here to make a war picture and this is just the place." It took considerable time to convince the obstinate Jackson that it was not a

real war, and that he did not want to buy the place but only wanted the use of it for a few days. He promised one hundred dollars, and the darky, after meditating and arguing, finally appeared satisfied, and the deal was closed.

II.

Three weeks later, William Fox and his whole troupe arrived for the war picture. The first day Fox set aside for choosing rooms in the house for his "interiors," Jackson conducting him about. At the sight of the dining room Fox became enraptured; he explained to the darkey that it was just the place for his first scene, in which the master of the house had ridden from camp to eat breakfast with his family, and while at the table a servant rushed in screaming, "The Yankees are coming." Then he told the negro of another scene where his girl, Jenny, while gathering wild flowers, learned the location of the enemy's camp.

"Ha! dat's good," grinned Jackson, scratching his curly head.

"Then you see I get my name for the film," continued Fox, "'Turned Tables,' for when the situation of the enemies, or Federate camp is learned, the Southern forces make a surprising attack on their camp, and the picture ends in fire and smoke."

"See that none of that thar 'fire and smoke' gets outside of yer pitcher," remarked the darkey gravely.

Then they climbed the broad old winding stairs and passed along the hall. At the farthest door the negro halted.

"De general lies in thar, guess it won't matter if you come in, he don't neber notice nothin' no how;" then Jackson cautiously opened the door and beckoned Fox to follow.

The room was almost bare but for a four-posted bed, on which lay a ghastly white old man. He did not notice the two men but gazed intently toward the foot of the bed. Following his gaze, Fox suddenly perceived the object of the old man's attention,—an old gray coat, trimmed with brass buttons and medals, laid carefully over a chair. Beside it lay a gleaming sabre and a plumed hat,—waiting (they all seemed) for the old general to put on.

"His?" Fox whispered.

"De massa's uniform," answered the negro slowly, "whenever he rouses he asks for it."

"Guess I'll borrow it, be just the thing for my picture," remarked Fox.

"No, sah! guess ya won't," came the fierce reply as the loyal negro placed himself between Fox and the uniform, "it ain't gwine ta be used fer no pitchers."

Fox hastily gave up that intention but as he turned he noticed something else,—a long stick with a Confederate banner wrapped about it.

"What's that?" he questioned quickly.

"De Confederate flag," answered the negro glumly.

"The very thing I want," beamed Fox, "I'll—"

"No, sah! that flag has been furled eber since de day de massa furled it, and it will neber move, nor be unfurled till it goes to de grave with 'im," and again Jackson grew furious. His manner annoyed Fox and after expressing his desire to return to "the field," the negro stiffly showed him out.

III.

On the next morning the transformation of the place was complete. When the old servant came to the door he vaguely rubbed his eyes, almost thinking

the years had rolled backward to the 1860's. The field was an array of tents gaily adorned with the Stars and Stripes; to the right were trenches, filled with Quaker cannon; then there stood long lines of horses,—and sentinels guarded the general's tent; men lay behind the breastworks and the cook was busy in his tent.

Presently, Fox, satisfied that all was ready roared out the order, "Clear camp of all but necessities,—Confederate Brigade! get ready behind the trees."

The two operators began to turn the handles of their machines, and the picture began. The appointed men strolled about the camp; the cook went his rounds with broth; men fed horses. Fox seemed to notice all but there was one thing his eye missed. No one had glanced toward the house,—if they had they would have seen a drawn, white face, peering through an upper casement. But William Fox only noticed his work and shouted, "Clear for the spy!" His command was obeyed, for a man on a galloping horse rushed from the trees, and standing in his saddle shouted, "The Rebels are coming."

Then followed confusion. The general rushed from his tent and the bugler gave the alarm. The whole camp was alive, and the picket rode back among the trees. Hardly had he disappeared when a puff of smoke was seen and the same horse came galloping back,—its rider limp in the saddle. Then came more smoke and the men behind the breastworks began to fire.

Suddenly from somewhere through the trees rang a high, frenzied,—almost inhuman voice. Fox stared. "Close on 'em boys," the voice commanded, "go through 'em, go!"

The men firing, as if suddenly stricken, ceased to glance behind them, from whence the voice came. Fox yelled angrily.

"What are you stopping for, go on, I say, go on!" and again the firing began.

Through the smoke someone was seen leaping upon the breastworks and again the same deathly voice rang out in a piercing battle cry. Now, through the smoke was the figure seen,—a spectre of Death, a ghost of a departed soul, it seemed. A gray Confederate uniform covered the form of the almost fleshless body,—gaunt and high as a giant's, white hair fell beneath the plumed hat and a bloodless face, with staring eyes pierced through the smoke. For a moment the body hesitated. In one hand streamed an old Confederate banner, in the other a gleaming sabre flashed. His high cracked voice rang out again, "Come on boys, right through 'em, come on."

Already the men behind the opposite breastworks had fled, and now the remaining ran as he jumped down among them. Fox stared, helpless. The men at the bioscopes had ceased turning the handles. Suddenly awakening Fox yelled in fury, "Keep them turning, you fools, keep it going."

But the war picture suddenly ended,—a picture of an old man who fell dead as he pulled down the Stars and Stripes,—a picture of frenzied triumph, of old age clutching old Glory and reeling to earth with it clasped to his Confederate heart.

—GLADYS KELLEY, '19.

Because He Loved

It was late afternoon in the cold, blowy autumn day. The wind was swishing dismally. Across a vacant lot the pines were mournfully creaking. A long, clear, treble whistle sounded in the distance. The man sitting, propped up by a pillow, before the window hitched his chair yet closer, and gazed out with eager, longing eyes. Again the whistle trilled away into silence. Crossing the vacant lot was a large brown and white collie, followed by a girl who was walking swiftly, being whipped along by the wind. Catching sight of the man's face in the window, she waved her hand vigorously. A light quick footfall was heard on the steps and across the veranda.

"Down, Tim, down," the sweet voice said imperiously. The door opened and closed loudly, and the girl bounded impetuously into the room.

"This is the kind of day I like, Uncle Don," she exclaimed, kissing him lightly on the cheek.

"You look as if you enjoyed it," he answered, watching her bright face. The large brown eyes sparkled merrily, and the cheeks glowed rosy red.

"The wind was kind, today. He blew Tim and me home so quickly! O dear! how my hair is tumbled!" She endeavored to straighten the curly brown locks that had strayed too far from under the brown tam-o'shanter, and to tighten the long brown, braid.

"It really is too fine a day for you to be sitting here as long as you did! I am sorry I have kept you waiting so long."

"You didn't keep me waiting, dear. I decided not to go out, anyway. It's too windy."

The girl dropped to the footstool beside her uncle.

"Why, Uncle Donny! The very idea! As though it were too windy for you to go out for a veranda walk, anyway. Just a minute! Don't move! I'll get your coat and things."

At that moment a plump middle-aged woman, the housekeeper, appeared in the doorway leading to another room.

"My, Marguerite, you look like roses this afternoon. There's a glass of milk and some crackers on the kitchen table. Don't you want them?"

"Well, I should say so! You always have something for me to eat just at the right time, Mrs. Hunter. I'll be back," she called gaily to her uncle as she sped into the kitchen.

A little later, the man was walking slowly up and down the wide veranda, muffled up to his chin, while Marguerite was lending her supporting arm.

"This wind is doing you lots of good. You're looking almost well, Uncle Don." She gazed steadfastly into the face which showed strength of character but was pale and thin from a wasting fever. Her glance rested on the grey sprinkled dark hair, lingering on the white shock above the temples, then traveled to the steady blue eyes, which were as dancing and twinkling as ever.

They walked in silence for a few minutes, the dog following leisurely at their heels.

"I was over to Jess's after school," remarked Marguerite. "Jess's aunt, who is visiting there, said I looked just like mother. Uncle Don, won't you tell me about her again. I like the story because it's partly about me."

"It's a sad tale, dear, but as you say, it is partly your own story. I think I can tell it today."

Marguerite rested her face on his arm as they walked, and listened earnestly as he began:

"Dick and I were brothers as different as two young men could be. Dick, as I have pictured him so often to you, darling, was handsome, daring and interesting. I, two years younger, had none of these qualities."

Here Marguerite shook her head, laughingly in denial.

"He was very popular," resumed her uncle, "while no one noticed me. He got into wild ways, however, and at first was inclined to be lazy. But he braced up and got to work. Then one day, at a party, we both met Miss Marguerite Shirley, a newcomer to Hill-top. Dick was twenty-four then, I twenty-two, and we found out that Miss Shirley was twenty-one. Of course, everyone fell in love with her, including Dick and me. Finally, we brothers were the two between whom she was to make her great choice. She chose Dick. When she told me her decision she said, 'I want you to remember that you will always be welcome at our home, and that we want you for our best friend and brother.'"

"That was all; but Marguerite Shirley was my first and only real love and I never forgot her.

"After eight years of the happiest wedded life, you, Marguerite, about five years old, were the only child.

"Then one day Dick invested all their careful savings in a most promising invention, which turned out to be a dismal failure. I think he was partly crazed with the anxiety of it all. He went back to his old, wild ways, and then lost his position. They grew poorer and poorer. One day, Marguerite caught cold while she was going out sewing, which developed into pneumonia. She died."

The man's voice was hushed and husky, and there were tears in his eyes. "Before she died she summoned me, and asked me to care for you, dear. I promised. Dick came back in time for the funeral, which was held from our old home, shocked and changed by the news of Marguerite's death. After the services he said, 'Don, I'm going to be a man, now. I'm going out to a friend's ranch in California, and make good or die. Keep Marguerite until I come for her.' Then he made you promise that you would always love him, and would be willing to go back with him when he came."

"I remember that," put in the girl softly.

"He has since sent money for your expenses, and he always says that he will come back sometime."

"And when he does I must keep my promise. But, O Uncle Don! I don't want to leave you! Still, when I think of Daddy being so lonely way off there it seems as if I could make any kind of a sacrifice."

"I know how you feel," the man whispered, partly to himself. "How can I give you up after all these years! Oh, why am I given just a taste of heaven and then to see you go from me forever! But what am I saying," he continued, rebukingly, "I made my promise to Dick. His life has indeed been weary since she died. He must have the reward that he has been striving for all these years!"

He bent down and kissed the sympathetic sad face at his side.

"I spoke hastily, darling. However, you cannot help but realize how hard it will be to part."

With his hands clasping hers, they continued their walk until Mrs. Hunter called to supper.

"I hate to go in!" Marguerite exclaimed. "Oh! how I love to be outdoors with you, Uncle Don!"

The good times came and went. Marguerite plunged more deeply into her studies as a high school junior. Donald Marshall slowly improved in health, and gradually regained his former activities. He still sat by the window as when he had been a convalescent, and watched for his niece as before.

One afternoon about two months after his illness he was watching anxiously with a pucker on his brow, and a letter in his hand.

When Marguerite came in at last he read the letter to her.

"In two weeks? In two weeks, Uncle Don? Oh!" She jumped up, giving him a vigorous hug and ran to the kitchen where Mrs. Hunter was cooking the evening meal.

"Daddy is coming in two weeks, Mrs. Hunter. In two weeks! Oh, I'm so glad!" She dashed back into the library but stopped short at the expression of sadness on her uncle's face.

"O Uncle Don! you don't want me to go! You shall go back with us."

"I cannot, darling. When your father comes you are his alone. But I am not unhappy, but too glad for words. I always knew that when your father came to take you back, he would come after he had made good. Let's plan about his homecoming, and talk about your new life."

They laughed and planned happily, but as Marguerite sat on her footstool at her uncle's knee, she could not help but think of the ties she must break.

The next week and a half was one of continual pleasure. Farewell parties were given Marguerite until she was overwhelmed.

It was now but four days before the happy hour which would bring Richard Marshall to his daughter. At noon Marguerite came home with the same quick step. Her usual gay whistle stopped in the middle as she saw her uncle with white face, standing near the door with Mrs. Hunter, equally as agitated, beside him.

"Uncle Don, are you ill? Oh! something has happened to Daddy, I know," she cried as she tore a yellow telegram from his fingers. She read it over twice. Her father had been thrown from his horse, and killed! For a second she stood still, with a heart like lead, a death-like face, and wide staring eyes. Then she crumpled in a heap in Mrs. Hunter's arms, her shoulders heaving in long, racking sobs.

The doctor who was called at once said it was a complete nervous breakdown. When acquainted with the facts of the past week he announced that it had been caused by too much strain, the shock being the climax. He prescribed rest and fresh air for a year, and said she was to remain in bed for a month.

How tenderly and lovingly Mrs. Hunter cared for her patient! Often as she sat by Marguerite's bed she could hear hurried and anxious footsteps as Donald Marshall paced up and down his room.

"It wasn't entirely the shock of her father's death that finally caused this breakdown," she mused. "She didn't want to leave her uncle, anyone could tell, and how sad he seemed at the thought of losing her!" She repeated this statement over and over to herself during the days that followed, when Mr. Marshall would come again and again to Marguerite's door to inquire how

she was. After the critical days of her illness were over he was usually sitting with her, reading chapters from the new book he was writing.

Whenever Mrs. Hunter came upon him in his study instead of finding him working on his manuscript, he was staring into space with sad, dreary countenance, and eyes that seemed to cry out, and sob for sympathy.

Marguerite had regained her calmness but she was still weak and exhausted.

Once she remarked gravely, "When I am entirely well, Uncle Don, then we shall talk about Daddy, and plan ahead."

* * * * *

"Now, Mrs. Hunter," she began one morning with her old masterful way. "I've been sitting and walking around in my room long enough. I think I'll go downstairs today."

"O dearie! your uncle is away and won't be home until about four o'clock this afternoon, and he has looked forward so much to your coming downstairs."

"Well, of course, then I'll wait until afternoon."

Her girl chums spent part of the afternoon with her so she was not lonely.

Donald Marshall smiled happily when he came home, as he heard the shouts of laughter from upstairs. As was his habit now, he sat down by the library window. Soon he heard the girls descending the stairs and it did not take him long to detect Marguerite's merry voice as she came with them.

When her friends had gone she walked over to her uncle's side. Her face was thin and white but her eyes were just as brown and sparkling as ever. Donald Marshall knew her illness had only intensified his love for her, and the glance that passed between them betokened all the suffering they had gone through.

"I'll get an armchair and a pillow for you in just a minute," called Mrs. Hunter from the kitchen.

"I don't want an armchair, Mrs. Hunter. Where did you put my footstool?"

"You had better not sit on the footstool, dearie. It hasn't any back."

"Uncle Don's arm is better than a chair back any day. Oh, here's the stool! There Uncle Don! It seems so nice to come 'back to life' again."

With her uncle's arm around her she sat on the foot stool watching the sky.

"It's going to storm I'm sure," she exclaimed. "See how black the sky is!"

The rain soon began to pour down in torrents. As she watched, she said slowly:

"Now, Uncle Don, I want you to tell me about Daddy. I've waited until I got down here to listen to it. You got a letter, didn't you, after the telegram?"

"Yes, dear. There was hardly anything to tell besides what the telegram said. I have received letters since, however, your father made his will some time ago. I was appointed your guardian. He owned an extensive ranch. Except a little left to me, you get everything, kept for you, of course, until you are of age. The only plans I can think of are either to have a tenant care for the ranch or go out there ourselves."

"I knew you'd think of something lovely Uncle Don! To go out there

will be just the thing! It will seem that Daddy is nearer if we go out there to live."

"We will take Mrs. Hunter, of course," put in Mr. Marshall, "and Tim, too."

"How grand it all will be! There you and I can both get on a new road to health. Horseback riding, and dogs, and out-of-doors all the time!"

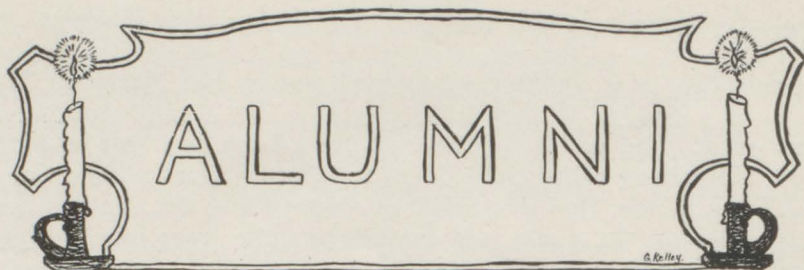
"Oh! Look, Uncle Don, the rain has stopped and the sun has come out! How it sparkles on the grass, and how drippy the trees look! How grand everything is, after the storm."

Donald Marshall looked down into her happy, contented face as she rested her arms on his knee.

"Yes," he said, smiling into the brown eyes, misty with tears of joy, "the storm is over, and the sun has come out again, Marguerite."

—E. C. L.





OPPORTUNITY

If the young men just entering upon the responsibilities of life could but realize that the world needs their very best service and that in giving to the world that service they are gaining for themselves the highest rewards, it would be easy to predict for them successful lives.

All young men do not realize this. Some, however, have more forethought than others. Some are preparing themselves for responsible work, while others have no concern for their future.

Opportunity which embodies all the really good things in life is beckoning to all young men to come and have a share in those good things. Some young men say, "No, we can't. We are not prepared. We have wasted our energies; we have formed bad habits that are sapping our vitality, our energy, our ambition. We prefer to devote our youthful days in idle pleasures rather than in work, pursuing the paths of least resistance rather than preparing ourselves for the long life before us. Our vision of great things is clouded because of our servitude to our idol—a good time. We can't go. We are not prepared."

This means not only lost opportunity; it means men going through life living from hand to mouth, where labor competition is the greatest; it means men whose services are the last to be demanded and the first to be released; it means ruined lives.

Other young men, however, answer the beckoning call of opportunity in a different way. They understand what it means. They catch the inspiration and in their endeavors to take advantage of their opportunities,—opportunities which no other age or country in the whole world has ever offered,—they surmount every obstacle as they rise. Rough places in their way vanish as they ascend, and they reach the top and are then in a position where their services are the first to be demanded and the last to be released; where there is the least competition. It means successful lives; positions of honor.

What enabled these young men to reach the top? It was because they had the right idea,—a vision. Those youthful days at the maturing age were valuable to them. They were preparing themselves.

There are young men leaving our schools this spring who can emulate these higher ideals.

"Many a man who dreams of greatness, wakes up,—and it is all over."

Winning a place in the game of life is a matter of **PLUCK** rather than **LUCK**.

—HUGH H. HART, '95.

PRINCIPLE

Nothing more quickly creates, for an individual, a fair and advantageous reputation than such life and speech as will impress the community with a conviction of his moral soundness.

No higher title of praise is known in political circles and commercial transactions than—"He is a man of principle."

Principle refers to character, and is descriptive of it. It applies to one on whom dependence can be placed; to one who has been tested and has come out as gold that has been tried in the fire.

What are circumstances, I wonder, that they may hinder a true man, when his heart is set within him to do a right thing! Let a man be firmly principled in religion, and he may travel from the tropics to the poles, and it will never catch cold on the journey. Set him down in the desert, and just as the palm tree thrusts its roots beneath the envious sand in search of sustenance, so he will manage somehow to find living water there. Banish him to the dreariest patmas you can find, he will get a grand apocalypse among its barren crags.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder on which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

—M.B. P., Class of '76.

ENTHUSIASM

From the biography of every successful man we observe that there is one thing that stands out prominently—he was enthusiastic in whatever he undertook. A half-hearted man is licked from the beginning. Unless he has enthusiasm and confidence in his own ability to succeed, he is sure to make a failure, because others who possess these desirable qualities will crowd him to one side.

It has well been said that nothing great has ever been accomplished without enthusiasm. Knowledge, persistency and determination to do the right thing on all occasions, regardless of obstacles, wins victories where defeat looks certain to the half-hearted man. If you want to succeed you must make people believe in you, and they will not do so unless you show determination. Concentration will accomplish wonders. Throw your whole vitality in whatever you undertake and some measure of success will surely crown your efforts.

—RUSS JENKS, '84.



Society

SOCIETY

The social season for the year was begun when the Senior girls extended welcome to all the young women of the High School in a general get-together and good time affair. The games indulged in by all were much enjoyed and the "flowing bowl" in the form of delicious punch was passed about together with chocolate wafers. This was appreciated by everyone after the strenuous excitement. After various stunts had been "pulled off" much to the amusement of all, the afternoon was concluded by songs.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

On November 17, 1916, the Juniors feted the Seniors with a masquerade party at the Second Ward School. Many unique costumes appeared, among which were a charming little girl and a clever old lady. After unmasking, games were entered into with great hilarity by the jolly crowd. Later in the evening appetizing refreshments of walnut ice cream and wafers were served. Before the party adjourned dancing was indulged in, the music being furnished by Miss Mae Johns. At ten-thirty everyone went home to dream of grotesque figures attending school in the kindergarten.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN PARTY

The Sophomores, on the evening of November 29, showed great efficiency as hosts and hostesses when they entertained the Freshmen at a masquerade party at the K. of P. hall. The feature of the evening was a drama written by William Ottaway. The production by his personally directed company showed the dramatic skill of the Sophomores. The remainder of the evening was spent playing games and dancing. Music was furnished by Mrs. Oscar Morse. The tired participants were refreshed by ice cream and wafers. After a few more rounds of merriment everyone reluctantly departed as the hour of twelve approached.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE PARTY

An interesting affair took place in the K. of P. hall, Friday, January 12th when the Freshmen entertained the Sophomores. Much enthusiasm was displayed in the game "Hearts and Mittens" but out of kindness to the winner of the booby prize his name will not be disclosed. After partaking of a dainty lunch the revelers indulged in the popular pastime. All departed before the new day, loud in their praises for the yearlings.

FRESHMAN SLEIGHRIDE

Saturday, February 17th, the Freshmen braved the elements and went for a sleighride party to the home of Rhoda Kennedy. In spite of the cold and drifted snow they arrived in due season and it is almost useless to speak of the hearty manner in which they partook of the "eats." The class, which has unusual musical ability, was liberal with its talent. At an early hour they started on their homeward journey.

ATHLETIC FEED

The annual Athletic Feed given by the members of the High School to the athletic teams was held in December. The athletic colors of red and blue were carried out in the decorations and programs. The following program was given:

Toastmaster—Chas. Monroe

Greetings to Teams.....	Ralph Cox
Response from Football Team.....	Edward Kelly
Response from Basket Ball Team.....	Mate Wonsey
Solo	Gladys Kelley
Who's Who in Football.....	Clarence Smith
Who's Who in Basket Ball.....	Marion Muhlitner
Duet.....	Delta Anderson, Mate Wonsey
Second Team Signal.....	Israel Goldstein
View from Bleachers.....	Elizabeth Lieberman
From the Trainer's View.....	Mr. Keen

Later an indoor track meet was held in which the young women shared equal honors with the young men.

March 12th, 1917 the Seniors gave a "good wish" party in honor of Mrs. Müller. Shortly after her class assembled at noon she was called to the telephone to receive the best wishes of the Seniors sent by telegraph. Upon her return, as if touched by a magic wand, the history class had changed its somewhat sombre garb to one of festal gayety in honor of the occasion and "the party began."

HE MUST HAVE BEEN

Once upon a time there was a certain gentleman who went to a party. It was a regular party too, but he made no comment upon the floor, music, decorations, warmth, cold, partners, or other people.

He was a mute.—Ex.

—MYRTLE A. JONES.

Commencement

JUNE 17-22, 1917

Baccalaureate Sermon—Rev. Steensma, Sunday evening, June 17, Methodist church.

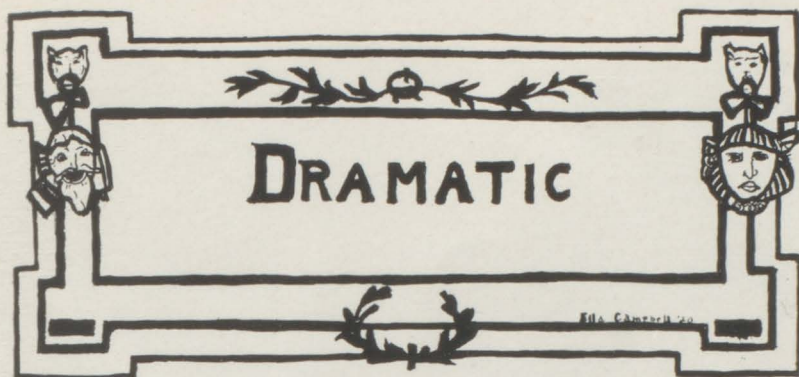
Commencement—Wednesday evening, June 20, Congregational church.

Alumni Banquet—Friday evening, June 22.

Commencement

Salutatory	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Albert Schroeder
Organ Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mate Wonsey
President's Address	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ralph Belknap
Class History	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Delta Anderson
"Springtime"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Girls' Glee Club
Oration	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ralph Cox
Class Poem	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Myrtle Jones
Violin Solo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Justin Muhlitner
Reading	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mae Engelgau
Class Prophecy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	John Pinger
"Come Where the Lillies Bloom"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	High School Chorus
Valedictory	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sylvia Jackson
Class Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Seniors

Presentation of Diplomas



The Senior Play

April 26th and 27th, the Senior Class presented "A Scrap of Paper,, a comedy in three acts, by J. Palgrave Simpson. It was given under the professional direction of Mrs. F. H. Huffman.

A full house each night pronounced it a huge success.

The Seniors are grateful to the High School Orchestra for their kind assistance in so ably entertaining between acts.



Mate Wonsey
"Suzanne"



Clarence Smith
"Prosper"

THE CAST

Prosper Couramont	-	-	-	-	-	-	Clarence Smith
Baron de la Glaciere	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edward Kelly
Brismouche, landed proprietor and naturalist	-	-	-	-	-	-	Harold Baldwin
Anatole, his ward	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ralph Cox
Baptiste, his servant	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ralph Belknap
Francois, servant of Prosper	-	-	-	-	-	-	Justin Muhlitner
Louise de la Glaciere	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mae Engelgau
M'dlle Suzanne de Ruseville, her cousin	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mate Wonsey
Mathilde, sister to Louise	-	-	-	-	-	-	Delta Anderson
M'dlle Zenobie, sister to Brismouche	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sylvia Jackson
Madame Dupont, housekeeper	-	-	-	-	-	-	Myrtle Jones
Pauline, maid	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ada Brines



The Cast



The Orchestra

“Everykid”

CHARACTERS

(In the order in which they appear.)

EVERYKID

Coax

Conscience

His Girl

Truth

Beauty

Fun

Coquette

Dissipation

CANTICLE ONE

Scene: A student's study room at the high school which EVERYKID attends. It is plainly furnished in accordance with the means of small schools. At the back are windows through which a view of the Campus is seen and at the right a door leading to a hall.

Discovered: When the curtain rises EVERYKID is discovered seated in a chair by a small table endeavoring to study though evidently with little success. Seated near him, reading is Conscience while at a window, deep in thought, stands Coax.

EVERYKID—“Darn it! I can't get this stuff. It's fierce. How can old Jones expect us to get it. Haven't got time for it now anyway. Guess I'll let it go.”

Coax (Advancing from window)—“Come on. It's awful hot and a duck's just the thing. You can get it afterward, anyway.”

Conscience (Looking up)—“If I were you Ev. I'd get it now. You'll never have time for it later.”

EVERYKID—“Shoot, Con! I'm no angel. You always think of the darndest things. Don't you ever——”

Coax—“Ev. come on and be a sport. Con's just an old joy killer.”

EVERYKID (Rising and yawning)—“Well, here goes. I've got to run over home for my suit, Coax, but I'll meet you at the pond inside of ten minutes.”

(Exit EVERYKID and Coax.)

Conscience (To himself)—“What in the world have I done that Ev. should drop me? He pays hardly any attention to me these days, though I used to be one of his best chums. It's Coax—always begging him to do something and generally getting his way. But he'll soon tire of him and then perchance he'll turn again to his old friend, Con.”

(His Girl enters accompanied by Coquette, Truth, Fun and Beauty, but seeing Conscience stops short.)

His Girl (Pettishly)—“Oh, there’s that old bear Conscience! He’s the joy killer of the whole school. I wish he’d keep to himself. He actually makes me melancholy.”

(To Conscience)—“Have you seen EVERYKID? I want to borrow a book about “Spiders” from him.”

Truth—“Why, that isn’t what you told——”

His Girl (Breaking in)—“Truth, I do wish you’d keep still. I’m actually beginning to dislike you. Can’t you be quiet?”

Fun—“That’s what I say. I can’t see what you want an old maid like Truth always hanging around you, anyway. Let her mope by herself.”

(Truth moves sadly up to window.)

His Girl—“What was I saying? Oh, yes. Conscience, do you know where EVERYKID is? He promised to lend me a book on “Toads” to use in Zoology class.”

Conscience—“Why, yes. EVERYKID and Coax just went to the beach to go in swimming, but——”

Fun—“Here he is, now.”

(Enter EVERYKID alone.)

EVERYKID—“Hello, Everybody. Say, you seen my books? (Looking embarrassedly at His Girl.) Why hello kid. Say, come here a second.”

Coquette (Cautiously)—“Ask him what he wants.”

His Girl (Advancing toward EVERYKID)—“Do you want me Ev.?”

EVERYKID—“Sure I did. Say, can you go with me to the dance tonight? Guess it’s going to be real good.”

Coquette—“Don’t be too eager.”

Beauty (To His Girl)—“Do straighten your hair. It’s hanging all over your face.”

His Girl— (Following advice)—“Why Ev. I’d love to, but I think I have a date. Coquette, am I engaged tonight?”

Coquette—“You are—Canoeing with James Mead.”

Truth (Advancing suddenly from window)—“You are? Why Jimmie Mead is out of——”

Coquette—“Do hush. It’s just a fib.”

EVERYKID—“Aw, cut it. You’ll have more fun at the dance anyway. Say you will.”

His Girl—“I suppose I oughtn’t to, but (coloring) you know I like you better and——”

Coquette—“Don’t be too eager.”

EVERYKID—“Thanks. Be along at eight. So long.”

(Exit EVERYKID.)

(Truth advances suddenly to the side of His Girl and speaks the following sadly): “We may as well not be friends. I cannot be a comrade to a false girl. I think I’ve realized it for a long time but I haven’t had the courage to say so. But I’m certain now that our “Turn of the Road” has come, so goodbye.”

(Exit Truth slowly.)

His Girl—“Coquette, did you hear that? Calling me false and unsuited to her tastes. I guess we are unsuited—I certainly hope so. I’ll never speak to her again as long as I live.”

Coquette—“Never mind, dear. Just leave her alone. She’s not worthy of you and I’m glad you’re through with her.”

Fun—"Certainly. She's just an old Kill Joy."

His Girl—"I know it. But it just makes me sick to think of being insulted in that way and then taking it like a lamb. I don't feel like going to the dance at all."

Fun—"What, miss the dance?"

His Girl—"Yes, miss the dance."

Coquette—"Oh no, you won't. (Looks at watch.) Say, it's time for us to be leaving, especially since the dance is at eight."

(Saunters to door.)

His Girl (Brightening)—"All right, I'll go. Say, wasn't that a good one I pulled off on EVERYKID?"

Fun—"It surely was——"

Coquette—"If he doesn't find out."

His Girl—"Oh, he never will. (Gathers up books.) Well, I'm ready to go. Come on, Fun."

(Truth enters hurriedly and running to the side of His Girl throws herself at her feet.)

Truth—"I'm sorry I acted in the disgraceful way I did. I—I don't mean to say that I think I was wrong but simply too hasty and very rude in my speech. You'll forgive me?"

(His Girl looks at Truth patronizingly for an instant and then suddenly shrugging her shoulders leaves the room followed by Fun and Coquette, while Truth, left dazed and speechless by the insult, follows shortly after.)

(CURTAIN)

CANTICLE TWO

Scene: A nook at the dance. Through the palms can be seen dancers waltzing to the strain of a popular melody. Seated on a divan are EVERYKID and Truth.

Truth—"I've had a delightful evening, really."

EVERYKID—"I don't believe you. If you're so everlastingly happy why the sighs?"

Truth (Embarrassedly)—"Have I been sighing? I didn't think they were as audible as that."

EVERYKID—"Say, you're a great one at secrets. Now, come on and tell me what's the matter."

Truth—"Well, to tell you the truth your girl and I have been quarreling."

EVERYKID—"What was the trouble?"

Truth (Coloring)—"She lied. Oh, Ev. you'll think I'm terrible but I may as well tell you. For some time she's been misleading people and getting herself and everyone into all sorts of trouble and this afternoon when she told you that about Jimmy Meade I couldn't hold my tongue another instant but told her that we might as well not be friends and then went away and left her very angry."

EVERYKID—"Didn't Jimmy ask her to go canoeing?"

Truth—"Of course not."

EVERYKID—"Then why the fib?"

Truth—"Oh, can't you see? Just to make you a wee bit jealous."

EVERYKID—"Well, Truth, don't feel bad about it. She's not worth worrying over. Come on and get some punch. You need to be cheered up."

(Exit EVERYKID and Truth.)

(Enter His Girl and Dissipation.)

His Girl (Anxiously)—“Oh, no, I can't. Not tonight. It's too late.”

Dissipation—“Oh, come on. Nobody will know. Just a little spin to cool us off. We won't be gone long.”

(Enter EVERYKID, who stops, hearing voices.)

His Girl—“Why, where will we go?”

Dissipation—“Oh, just around. Come on before some one finds you and drags you off.”

His Girl—“Well, promise me just for a few minutes.”

Dissipation—“All right. I promise.”

(Exit His Girl and Dissipation.)

EVERYKID—“A joy ride—and with Dissipation. Oh, well, it serves her right. Hope she does get a little jolt. It'll take a little of the cocksureness out of her.”

(Enter Truth.)

Truth (Anxiously)—“Where do you suppose your girl and that stranger are going?”

EVERYKID—“On a joy ride.”

Truth—“What! How do you know?”

EVERYKID—“Heard them talking about it.”

Truth—“But Ev. she shouldn't go off like that. She'll surely get into trouble.”

EVERYKID—“Very likely.”

Truth—“Well, we must stop them at once before it's too late.”

(Enter His Girl hurriedly.)

His Girl (Nervously)—“Have you seen my gloves?”

Truth—“No, I haven't, but I have something very important to tell you.”

His Girl (Haughtily)—“Something about our quarrel, I suppose?”

Truth—“No, no. All I ask is this—Don't go riding at this hour with Dissipation.”

His Girl—“At it again. Honestly Truth I think I shall go wild if I stay with you another minute. Preach—preach—preach—all the time. If I wish to go auto riding with Dissipation I certainly shall and no Truth shall stop me, (Suddenly bursting into tears.) “I've had a perfectly horrid time all evening. I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm going home before I make a scene.”

Truth (Seating herself by the side of His Girl)—“Please don't cry. I know it's been my fault. The last few weeks I've been so upset that I've been absolutely horrid.”

His Girl—“Truth, you know that I've been the one at fault. I'm not even worthy to ask your forgiveness.”

Truth—“Dear, don't say such things. I'm so happy that we're friends once more that I could even hug Conscience.”

His Girl—“So could I—the dear old bear. Say, isn't it too bad that our whole evening's gone when we hoped to have such a good time? Why listen! They're playing ‘Home, Sweet Home’ and it's the last dance.”

Truth—“So it is. Let's dance it.”

His Girl—“Why, my dear child, my face is so—”

Truth—“Transfigured with joy that people will think—”

EVERYKID—“We've been left a legacy.”

All—“And so we have.”

(CURTAIN)



THLETICS



An enthusiastic football meeting was held on September 20th, and after some discussion the following men were chosen to manage the team for the year:

Edward Kelly, Captain; Clarence Smith, Manager.

After a strenuous week of practice the team was chosen as follows:

Sherwood Conlin, L. E.

Walter Brinker, L. T.

Walter Brines—Ralph Cox, L. G.

Ralph Belknap, C.

Charles Gliem, R. G.

Alfred Kennedy—Louis Cox, R. T.

Albert Schroeder—Harold Baldwin, R. E.

Clarence Smith, L. H. B.

Walter Harsen—Earl Shaffer, F. B.

Edward Kelly, R. H. B.

Justin Muhlitner, Q. B.

Early in the season we played our first game at Port Huron. It was a hard game and in spite of the fact that we did our best it resulted in our defeat.

Our next two games were with Marine City, the first one at Marine; after an hour's hard playing ended with a score of 14 to 12 in favor of Marine City. The next game on our own field was also a losing game for us.

Then we played Richmond two games and were defeated twice but our boys were loyal to the school and took defeat with honor instead of disgrace.

Due to the loss of our coach and a number of our best veterans we had a very unsuccessful year, not winning any important games.

The basket ball team was organized during the middle of September.

Mate Wonsey was chosen captain, Marion Muhlitner, manager and Lee Jenks, treasurer.

The line up was as follows:

Marion Muhlitner, Francelia Lindeman, Estella Busha, Forwards.

Mate Wonsey, Gladys Kelly, Lucille Busha, Centers.

Adah Brines, Delta Anderson, Lee Jenks, Guards.

Having almost a new team it took considerable time to get into working order, and it was the last of October before the first game was played with Memphis on our own grounds. The game ended with Memphis victors with a score of 22 to 18. The return game was played at Memphis Saturday, November 17, with a resulting score of 32 to 18 in Memphis' favor.

But after all it is not the gain or defeat that counts, "It is how did you play and how did you take it."

I am sure that both our teams always played hard and fair and took defeat with a smile.

—E. K.



Jenks	Kelly	Busha	Muhlitner	Lindeman	Busha
Anderson		Wonsey, Capt.		Brines	

Things to Be Remembered Ten Years From Now

1. John Pinger's remarkable attempt to shorten the school session one afternoon.
2. Miss Moiles' agitation when informed of a telegram from Ann Arbor.
3. Miss Pennels' diamond.
4. The Seniors' Farewell to Miss Exelby and Welcome to Mrs. Müller.
5. The mystery surrounding the ringing of the fire alarm.
6. The days of the Carbon Disulphide in the Lab.
7. The perfect silence in the halls from 8:30 until 9:00 in the morning.
8. The Students' Council.
9. Justin's severe colds.
10. Miss Dew's opinion of the Seniors.
11. Sylvia Jackson's incessant buzzing.
12. Refreshments served by the faculty on the morning of "The Senior Masquerade Party."

Poet Corner

A Freshie,
A ditto,
A small rubber band;
A voice—
"To the office!!"
Two Freshies canned.—Ex.

Here's to the Faculty,
Long may they live;
Even as long
As the lessons they give.

The cows are in the pasture,
The sheep are in the grass;
But all the little goosies
Are in the Freshman class.—Ex.

Great Scott

If Ivanhoed the bonny brae,
And Athelstaned his tunic new,
If Friar Tucked the food away,
Oh, what would Roderick Dhu?—Ex.

The Sophomores saw a patch of green,
They thought it was the Freshman class;
But when they nearer to it drew,
They saw it was a looking-glass.

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If Physics don't kill us,
History must.

Four Epitaphs

Great knowledge—swelled head,
Brain fever—he'd dead.

—A SENIOR.

False fair one—hope fled,
Heart broken—he's dead.

—A JUNIOR.

Played football—bumped head,
Cracked skull—he's dead.

—A SOPHOMORE.

Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—he's dead.

—A FRESHMAN.—Ex.

Inseparable

Delta and a giggle,
Flossie and a wiggle.
Baldy and a front seat,
Salty and his big feet.
Coxie and some time to spare,
Ada and her frizzed hair.
Izzy and a history book,
Miss Dew and an anxious look.
Miss Moiles and a physics test,
The Freshmen and no quiet or rest.
Lizzie and continuous talk,
Class meeting and throwing chalk.



Miss Dew (Eng. 12)—“Why do we always speak of man when we mean both man and woman?”

Sylvia—“We speak of it in general terms; man embraces woman.”

The Physics students are deep in the mysteries of heat. (They are studying “Paradise Lost.”)

Miss Moiles (Botany)—“How do they get the water in water-melons?”

Leigh (Mercilessly)—“Why, they plant them in the spring.”

Bashful Enamored Sherwood Recor—“May I walk home with you?”

Bold Feminine Elizabeth—“Certainly, if you are afraid to go alone.”

Passenger—“You allow puppies in this car?”

Conductor—“No, but keep still and no one will notice you.”

Miss Moiles—“Edward, give Newton’s Laws of Motion.”

Edward—“Every little movement has a meaning all its own.”

Mrs. Müller—“What are the children of the Czar called?”

Baldy—“Czardines.”

Mr. Keen (Shaking pupil)—“I think Satan has taken hold of you.”

Pupil (Gasping)—“I think so too, sir.”

Miss Finkbeiner—“Is that gum you have in your mouth?”

John P.—“Yes, mam.”

Miss F.—“Give it to me.”

John P.—“Wait and I’ll give you a piece, I ain’t chewed.”

Miss Moiles (Chemistry)—“Take arsenic for your next lesson.”

Miss Dew—“Do you know the capitol of Alaska?”

Walter—“No’am.”

Miss Dew—“Correct.”

Mary—“How old is your baby brother?”

Dorothy—“He’s a this year’s model.”

Miss Moiles—“There’s no reason why you shouldn’t have answered these questions correctly. They are all in your book.”

Jut—“I forgot my book.”

Mrs. Müller—“You have four mistakes in this simple problem.”

Herbert C.—“Well, I ain’t a very good arithmeticker, but I’m a fine grammarist.”

Miss Moiles (Physics)—“Did any of you ever see the stereopticon run upstairs?”

Eleanor Mead—“Do you know what made the Tower of Pisa lean?”

June A.—“No, if I knew, I’d try it.”

Miss Dew—“Have you read (red) Lamb’s Tales?”

Louis Smith (from country)—“No, but we have some black ones.”

Mrs. Müller—“Give the duties of the coroner.”

Mickie—“He gets information from people after they’re dead.”

Mae S.—“How do you get down off an elephant?”

Teddy K.—“You don’t get it off an elephant, you get it off a goose.”

Earl S. (Excitedly)—“Aw, shut up!”

Harvey K (Angry)—“You’re the biggest fool around here.”

Irate Teacher—“Stop, boys, you forget that I’m here.”

How the Mourning Dove Got Its Mournful Note

Years and years ago, in the time of the Romans, many of the soldiers were called upon to make a campaign against the invincible Gauls. Before they left, they collected on a mountain with their wives for the last farewell. The women began to weep, then they thought of the almost certain defeat, which would mean death to most of their soldiers.

Soon after news came of the battle, the Romans were defeated. The wives of the dead soldiers gathered again on the mountain. They began to weep for their dead husbands. The good angel saw them and also saw how beautiful they were. The angel changed them into doves. He gave them the mournful note as a remembrance of their dead husbands and the last meeting place of those who lost their mates and this is the reason that the mourning dove even to this day has such a mournful note.

—CHARLES HENDRICK, '19.

ENGLISH 10

Give me an old straw hat and a hoe,
So that planting my garden I can go;
For the cost of living so high does soar
That I have no money to buy anymore;
So I'll sow my garden 'neath the sun's warm rays
And plenty I'll have for rainy days.

—MARGARET HAMILTON.

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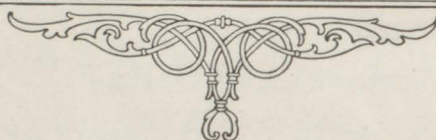
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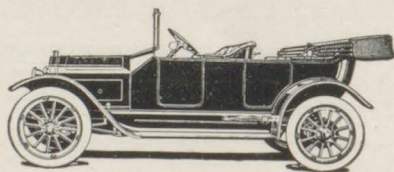
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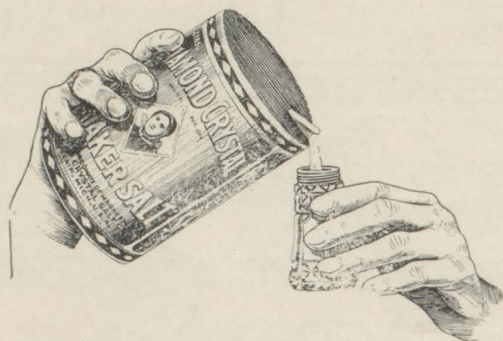
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